

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## A TALE OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

Who has not heard of that strange vale,  
The early seat of every art,  
Whose story centres in a word,  
Whose sons o'er all the earth prevail,  
And bless us still in every part  
With the rich comforts they afford?

Shall I be pardoned if I dare  
Drag to our learned modern air,  
This age of progress self-sufficient—  
That thinks itself almost omniscient—  
Some relics of that ancient life  
As it occurred ere history's page  
Bore on its record maxims sage,  
Deduced from blood and greed and strife?  
Ere Greece and Rome, those worlds of power,  
Enjoyed their evanescent hour;  
For after all those classic knaves  
Were arrant copyists, and stole  
Much that is written in their roll  
Of fame from the dried men whose graves  
Are still our soundest teachers while  
We linger on thy banks, O Nile,  
Or, sailing up thy wondrous stream,  
Feel in one lengthened waking dream.

Far up that vale once on a time—  
I will not tell the year exact,  
Though Egypt first supplied epact  
And almanac, and all that chime  
The hours as swiftly on they roll  
To that dark ocean ever-filling  
The goal of life, though sadly stilling—  
That bears upon its breast the scroll  
Eternal of all human brood—  
The great, the small, the bad, the good.  
Suffice it here for me to state,  
While a true story I relate,  
That it occurred in an age distant,  
Though far from primal, when a score  
Or so of dynasties had swayed  
The forces, sometimes half-resistant,  
Of the skilled race that lined each shore  
Of the proud stream whose waters played  
Amid the wealth themselves had made,  
When all the arts termed civilising,

Were rapidly from chaos rising;  
When beads and beauty blushed together,  
And weather-wise men told the weather;  
When army tailors lived and flourished,  
As is their wont—for heroes ever  
Must wear fine clothes the while they sever  
Their neighbours' limbs, for this end nourished;  
When ladies' dresses had three flounces;  
When tresses false replaced the hair,  
Tight hose, lace boots bedecked each fair,  
And painted charms smiled *débonnaire*,  
Arts which true woman ne'er renounces;  
When sphynx was understood and muttered  
Enigmas wise; when sounds so sweet,  
So soft, so thrilling in their tone,  
Poured from the awful mass of stone  
Where Memnon sate, sublime, alone,  
That to the suppliants at his feet  
It seemed as though a god had uttered  
In the weird measures of the skies  
A welcome to the bright sunrise;  
When skill and wealth and knowledge entered  
Presumedly from Heaven, and centred  
In holy men a priestly caste,  
Through whom that holiness was past  
From sire to son, and so descending,  
The present with the future blending,  
Supplied a never-ceasing shower  
Of holy learning, pomp, and power;  
When sacred boat and sacred Taw  
Were worshipped for the hidden law  
Which in those simple symbols lay,  
Though veiled from vulgar light of day;  
When sacred babies by the dozen  
As idols served to cheat and cozen;  
When mitred bonnet decked the brow  
Of high-placed priest, as it does now;  
When for the sacred crocodile  
Ombas led water many a mile;  
When sacred wars for sacred beasts  
Brought some to suffering, some to feasts;  
When sacred cow and sacred cat  
Vied with the beetle and the gnat;  
When for the glory of the shrine  
Of wolf or dog good men and brave  
Contentedly would life resign,

This was the period of a crisis



Which happened in the land of Isis,  
 Or rather in that realm contiguous,  
 Whose history's somewhat ambiguous,  
 The region once termed Ethiopia,  
 Then rich as any Cornucopia,  
 Ere rocks at Silsilis gave way,  
 And lowered Nile near thirty feet,  
 The waters rushing in mad play  
 O'er many a densely crowded street,  
 And whelming thousands in their flow  
 Some forty centuries ago ;  
 While in the upper vale, bereft  
 By this strange yielding of the wall  
 That dammed the river's waterfall,  
 Of the o'erflowing stream that kept  
 The myriad channels duly filled,  
 Which fertilised the soil once tilled,  
 And gave rich increase of each kind,  
 To swell the peasant's teeming store,  
 Never, alas ! to be filled more.  
 For to dead drought that soil consigned,  
 Still bears upon its face the brand  
 Of unproductive desert sand.

'Twas in that land supremely blest,  
 Where all may sleep in perfect rest,  
 Unbitten by voracious vermin—  
 The loathsome bug, the nimble flea,  
 Emblems of midnight misery,  
 That spare nor gown, nor crown, nor ermine  
 (Oh, Nubia ! surely in thy prime,  
 Thy golden age, there was a time  
 When some good saint of early Afric,  
 Blest with the blessing of St. Patrick,  
 And bade thy sun no longer hatch,  
 As is its wont in natural course,  
 The venom'd brood of that sad source  
 Of many a purgatorial scratch.)

In Dekkah, then, a second Thebes,  
 Or Meroe, for pomp and pride,  
 There lived a king, Eumenides,  
 With wives and children by his side.  
 He was a king, as kings then went,  
 With whom his subjects were content ;  
 An honest, plain, and simple being,  
 With common sense, by nature kind,  
 Who, deeming eyes were meant for seeing,  
 Declined to act as if stone blind,  
 But dared to see through the pretence  
 Of the mysterious tricksters, who,  
 Wrapt in their priestly robes, assumed  
 To stultify and daze each sense,  
 To be above the common view,  
 And sacrificed all who presumed  
 To doubt their nature so celestial,  
 Though dwelling on a soil terrestrial.  
 Dekkah, in truth, was one of those  
 Fanatic seats of impious fraud,  
 Where to the vulgar gaze there flows  
 A healing stream worth highest laud,  
 But which, beneath its face of bliss,

Illumined only by the glare  
 Of wicked spell and poisoned air,  
 Is but a black and foul abyss,  
 A stream that still has found a home  
 Wherever men by priests are led,  
 In east or west, living or dead,  
 In Utah, Babylon, or Rome.  
 The priests of Dekkah, holy men  
 In constant intercourse with heaven,  
 Professed to have the power given  
 To know that solemn moment when  
 The Everlasting One reclaimed  
 The life to every mortal lent ;  
 And echoing thus the dread intent,  
 And summoned those divinely named.  
 But chiefly did this power affect  
 The reigning monarch when he ceased  
 To be a tool, or worse, released  
 Some doubter of their holy sect ;  
 For then a message from above  
 Quickly proclaimed through them his fate,  
 And soon the victim of their hate  
 Could feel no pain, could prove no love ;  
 Nor yet had any dared to test  
 This power by general voice confessed.  
 Eumenides, as I have said,  
 Was not a knave, still less a fool,  
 Neither an actor, nor a tool ;  
 Nor, as a prince was he afraid  
 To render justice where 'twas due,  
 Without regarding much the view  
 Of those professors of his day  
 Who claimed o'er kings and all the sway.  
 'Twas little wonder, then, that those  
 Who studied Dekkah's history past  
 Should deem his life unlike to last,  
 And prophesy its early close.

Accordingly, ere long the sounds  
 Of solemn funeral chaunts were heard  
 Pealing within the sacred bounds  
 Where priests and monarchs were interred ;  
 And in the mighty temple's gloom  
 Strange flickering flames of light were seen,  
 And figures of unearthly mien  
 Pointed in anger to each tomb,  
 While holy men by fast and prayer,  
 By offering gifts of greatest price,  
 By ceaseless public sacrifice,  
 By magic arts and mystic care,  
 Essayed to find the hidden will  
 That boded to the realm great ill,  
 Unless a quick fulfilment eased  
 The sacred mind in way desired,  
 And then the prodigies retired,  
 Would prove the higher powers appeased.  
 At length the meaning of those strange,  
 Eventful portents clearer grew,  
 And all within the sacred range  
 Could read the signs, and plainly knew  
 That heaven desired the king to die,



To bow to its supreme command,  
 To recognise its awful hand,  
 While to refuse were blasphemy.  
 Solemnly, then, these holy men  
 Assembled in the temple vast,  
 Where towering columns overcast  
 That gorgeous crowd, and veiled the light  
 Where stars of gold on vault of blue  
 Brought back the glory of the night,  
 And fixed it ever in the view ;  
 While a fair woman, with a child,  
 Gentle, benignant, heavenly, mild,  
 Symbol of Nature and the Sun,  
 A softened splendour seemed to bring,  
 And charm supernal still to fling  
 O'er word and deed there said or done.  
 Incense and music rolled along  
 The lengthened avenue, and gave  
 To all without—a gathering throng—  
 Due notice that a royal grave  
 Now lacked an inmate—that the doom  
 Of fate had summoned to his tomb  
 The king, then passing with a band,  
 Under his own direct command,  
 Of veteran soldiers to repel  
 Some hostile charge of neighbouring chief,  
 Or to some friend to bring relief.  
 Amazed, he stopped, and bade some tell  
 The import of the mystery  
 That chilled each heart and dimmed each eye.

Forthwith a murmur from the crowd  
 Of sympathy and sorrow shed  
 For one yet living, but as dead.  
 A tone of feeling, deep, not loud,  
 Burst forth, and in the midst some friend  
 Informed the king in accents brief  
 Of his now fast approaching end.  
 He called for guerdon of relief  
 From threatened woe and evil dire,  
 The tokens of celestial ire.  
 "Then," cried the king, "I swear by Phthah,  
 "Creator, God, and Lord of Truth,  
 "Whose will almighty made me Phrah,  
 "I'll die as king ; and let Him now  
 "Dart forth the lightnings from His brow.  
 "On me and all the royal youth,  
 "The gentle boys and girls who call  
 "Me their protector, sire, their all,  
 "Let the consuming fire destroy,  
 "Burn, blast those homes, now scenes of joy,  
 "If 'gainst the Majesty I e'er  
 "In action, thought, or word rebelled,  
 "If that great One whom I revere—  
 "I, who have ever firmly held  
 "In honest faith the early creed  
 "That God is jealous of His right,  
 "And will not brook a rival light,  
 "Much less a fragile human reed,  
 "However wise and good, and void  
 "Of the polluting, turbid taint

"That fetters e'en the holiest saint,  
 "And shows the gold is still alloyed,  
 "To stand 'twixt Him in heavenly state  
 "And each frail flickering thing create.  
 "Vain, then, the boast of these false men  
 "That they monopolise the ken  
 "Of His high will, and hold in hand  
 "To wield for their own selfish ends  
 "The power omnipotent, that bends  
 "By the mere voice of its command  
 "Matter and spirit to its sway,  
 "The purest soul, the grossest clay.  
 "I'll give them now the chance to show,  
 "By the conclusive force of fact,  
 "By mystic, superhuman act,  
 "That they can stop a mortal blow  
 "Aimed at each priestly treacherous head.  
 "Thus I avenge the blood oft shed  
 "By impious fraud, unholy wiles,  
 "Within the massive temple's piles,  
 "Where the poor victims of their greed,  
 "Praying to heaven in utmost need,  
 "Are tricked and plundered by this crew,  
 "That soon shall bid this earth adieu,  
 "And learn themselves, through Death's stern  
 path,  
 "That the All-knowing Judge on high  
 "Condemns such scheming blasphemy,  
 "And brands it with His direst wrath !"  
 Each chosen warrior drew his sword,  
 In answer to the royal word ;  
 And at a signal, sweeping on  
 In phalanx or battalion,  
 They crushed through worshippers, and grasped  
 Each priestly traitor till he gasped.  
 Then, ere he had regained his breath,  
 He lay within the jaws of death,  
 The victim of his own deceit,  
 A cheater doomed himself to cheat.  
 And while this deadly work upheld  
 His sovereign power, and crushed his foes,  
 Eumenides again arose,  
 And thus all public fear dispelled :  
 "Be not afraid, nor take offence  
 "At aught this stirring hour hath shown ;  
 "I have but smote in self-defence  
 "Vile traitors 'gainst my life and throne,  
 "Foul hypocrites who sought to take  
 "From me my breath, from you the right  
 "To claim your Maker as your light.  
 "Mid life's dark storms, when tempests shake,  
 "Are you not better in the care  
 "Of the All-Giver, Him who made  
 "The heavens and earth, the sea and air,  
 "And never yet withdrew His aid ;  
 "To whom, in fact, all things pertain,  
 "And therefore doth He quite despise  
 "The need assumed of sacrifice,  
 "Of offered gifts, of victims slain,  
 "A need assumed for priestly gain.



"Better by far your offerings bring  
 "To help the poor, the maimed, the blind,  
 "Widow and orphan, and each mind  
 "Cheer and support, while I, your king,  
 "Humbly before the throne above  
 "Will pray to heaven at your head  
 "That every blessing may be shed  
 "O'er all on earth we fondly love.  
 "And will not every father claim  
 "To teach his children to adore,  
 "And with undying zeal proclaim  
 "The glory of that holy name,  
 "That is, both now and evermore,  
 "Sole fount of hope, sole source of bliss,  
 "The only guide to happiness.  
 "God is but mocked when priests between  
 "Him and His people intervene  
 "Henceforth, then, let us one and all  
 "Ourselves for heavenly mercy call,  
 "Abjure our sins, repent, and try  
 "To fit ourselves to live or die."  
 He ceased, and quickly all that crowd  
 To priestly ear no longer chained,  
 Echoed in joyful accents loud  
 The wishes that their hearts retained.  
 No longer slaves, they felt a load  
 Of soul-degrading darkness cast  
 From off each head, and felt they owed  
 Their rescue from that gloomy past  
 To the brave monarch who had dared  
 Do battle with the giant ill,  
 Which for unholy ends had scared  
 All manhood from the land, until  
 Men dare not call their souls their own,  
 For fear of dismal threatening groan.  
 Right gratefully they followed all  
 The teachings of their royal guide,  
 And soon, obedient to his call,  
 The nation worshipped by his side,  
 While in each home a father's voice,  
 Summoned his household unto prayer,  
 And daily made their hearts rejoice,  
 In praise of him who saves from care,  
 Who only bids us live and love,  
 As ministers of Him above.  
 Priestless that people worshipped God,  
 Priestless they practised virtue's laws,  
 Priestless their feet the temples trod,  
 Priestless they praised the one Great Cause,  
 Humbled their souls, and sought His grace,  
 Who, ever present, ever near,  
 Listens but to soothe and cheer,  
 Nor hides from suffering man His face,  
 If prayer be based on charity,  
 By love to brother shining forth,  
 In deeds of good and truth and worth,  
 Fruits of heart-felt sincerity.

### "HE LEARNS STILL."

THE proverb, "Never too late to learn," like many an old saying, contains in it a very important truth, which it would be well if every young person could be led to feel the force of, when, on leaving school or college, they are disposed to fancy that their education is completed; while it is also certain that the happiness of many in middle life, and even in old age, would be greatly increased did they consider it a duty—as it certainly would be a pleasure—to go on learning. We are, perhaps, too much accustomed to lay stress on the idea that youth is especially the period for study, when we ought rather to urge that the early years of life should be spent in preparation for study. Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the acquisition of facts of history are, not study, but are all necessary preparations for study; and even foreign languages may be acquired as mechanically at school as scarcely to have the effect of enlightening the mind. It is the application we make of Latin, Greek, French, German, &c., that really enlightens the mind. So many words learnt, and so much grammar mastered, is, after all, a poor attainment, if we do not afterwards make ourselves acquainted with the noble thought and beautiful poetry that is locked up in these languages—in other words, if we do not study the literature belonging to them. The young man who has acquired Greek and Latin at school or college, and does not turn these to some use in after life, may be said to throw away a precious treasure, and to overlook a source of pleasure that is inexhaustible. The facts of natural science and natural history are true knowledge, and when received into the mind, comprehended, and retained in the memory, can form the foundation of never-ending pleasure. This kind of knowledge is also inexhaustible, since every year brings to light new facts—fresh discoveries, revealing more and more of the wonders and beauties of creation and the laws of nature. What should we think of a human being who at an early period of his life was shown into a chamber containing all manner of precious stones and metals, beautiful works of art, and curious natural



objects, together with a collection of keys, which he was told he had only to possess himself of, in order to be able to unlock other treasure chambers of the same kind, the contents of which he might make his own. How foolish and improvident should we esteem this person if, after taking away the proffered keys, he should neglect ever after to make use of them! Yet this is exactly the case of those who do not make use of the elementary knowledge acquired in youth for study in after life—who do not go on learning more and more as long as life lasts. It is a mistake to suppose that in early youth the powers of the mind are best qualified for study. On the contrary, the human faculties become most fully developed, most mature, and most apt in acquiring knowledge in middle age, and they remain active and sound by use and exercise, so that it is no uncommon thing for even the very old to be able to keep up with the advance of his age, and to the end of life enjoy the taking in of fresh knowledge—the reading of new books, the hearing of new discoveries—and find solace and happiness in watching the ever advancing progress of truth.

"Thank goodness, I have done with books now," says the thoughtless schoolboy, tossing his Latin grammar to the end of the room, as he returns home for the last time from school, and considers his education completed.

"Thank goodness" (meaning the goodness of God), says the old man in his study, "I have still my books about me, and can enjoy them."

The Greek philosophers in former days used to consider it an object worthy of study how best to secure what they called *Euthanasia*, or a happy death, and we can conceive of no happier close to life than that of the wise old man who has preserved to the last the health and strength of his mental powers, and finds pleasure in their exercise.

It is told of Michael Angelo, whose genius was so great that he excelled alike in painting, sculpture, poetry, and architecture, that in spite of his wonderful skill, which enabled him to fill his native country with beautiful works of art, yet that even to the last he sought to improve, and that after painting a picture when far advanced in years, he wrote after his name as a motto, "He learns still."

## THE PAST YEAR.

### A UNITARIAN REVIEW.

In reviewing the last year, among many encouraging circumstances we remark as one drawback that there has been no increase to the number of Unitarian ministers. There is still a want of ministers for our pulpits, and our colleges have room for more students than apply for admission. This, however, is not wholly a subject of regret, for it is causing a rise in our ministers' salaries. Everybody has observed with pain how sadly the services of the pulpit have been underpaid, and many have been the proposals to bring about a better state of affairs. But these, though well meant, have probably had very little effect. Professional services, like a loaf or a pair of shoes, have their price regulated by the simplest of laws—it depends upon the proportion between the demand and the supply. At the present moment the demand exceeds the supply, and hence the remuneration for our ministers is likely to be rather better than it lately has been. And let it be observed that this has been brought about very much by the agency of lay-preachers. Short-sighted persons, whether ministers or friends of ministers, may fancy that lay-preachers are the rivals of the ministers, and stand in their way. But observation shows that this is very far from the case. The lay-preachers gather together a new congregation that would never otherwise have been formed, but as soon as it gains a little strength it looks about for a minister, and hence the increased demand that we have spoken of. In other matters, such as lectures explanatory of Unitarianism, advertisements setting forth the Unitarian principles, the bold profession of the Unitarian name, the past year may fairly be judged as more than usually active. What success may accompany these efforts it is not given to us to know. It is enough for us that they have been made. Let us hope that the present year will be able to give as good an account of itself. On the other hand, during this year three of our old Presbyterian chapels have passed by sale into orthodox hands, namely, those of Totnes, St. Albans, and Warminster. But this we can count as very little loss to the Unitarian cause. The congregations died when there ceased to be any reason



for their existence. Had they proclaimed their Unitarianism a little more distinctly, and made Sunday schools, and attempted missionary efforts some twenty years ago, they might, perhaps, now have been flourishing.

### THE INFLUENCE OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT ON MORALS.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

It has always been a favourite sectarian argument that the doctrine of future endless punishment is a mighty moral power, in every way effectual in restraining men inclined to wickedness, and that if it were universally rejected the world would speedily fall into a perfect chaos of sin and wrong and crime. And yet all the facts of history, as could easily be shown, make directly against this groundless assumption. Before the advent of the Saviour the heathen world believed this dogma, and therefore, according to this theory, it ought to have been comparatively free from sin and crime. In other words, if the belief in future endless torments exerts the corrective influence claimed for it, mankind, at the time of Christ's coming, ought to have attained to a high degree of moral life and perfection. Indeed, this theory being true, they could have stood in no need of any Saviour, properly speaking, beyond a belief in the eternity of hell torments. But what were the facts in the case? The very reverse of what the argument demands. John describes the "whole world" as "lying in wickedness" at this very time; and Paul, in Romans iii., gives us a terrible picture of its moral corruption and death: "Their mouths are full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and there is no fear of God before their eyes"—rather questionable proof of the restraining influence of the favourite dogma.

So the New Testament, generally, and Josephus may be called to witness, in the case of the Pharisees and Sadducees, to the same point. Those who would estimate the influence of belief and unbelief of this doctrine in relation to morals should compare the life and character of these two sects. The Sadducees rejected the doctrine of future punishment, and the Pharisees believed it. But the Saviour's denunciations are uniformly

silent in regard to the first. When he speaks of oppression and robbery, of whited sepulchres, and corruption and rottenness, it is always, "Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites," never "Scribes, Sadducees, and hypocrites." This is surely presumptive proof of the severe morality of the Sadducees and of the pre-eminent weakness of the Pharisees—or, in other words, that the belief of endless punishment did not make the Pharisees any more moral, nor the unbelief of the Sadducees make them any less moral.

And at this point we desire to introduce the corroborating testimony of Dean Milman, from his "History of the Jews." We quote from Veazie's edition, vol. ii., p. 117. Speaking of the Sadducees, he says:—

"Denying all punishments for crime in a future life, their only way to discourage delinquency was by the immediate terrors of the law; and this they put in force, perhaps with the greater rigour, because their disbelief of future rewards and punishments was represented by their enemies as leading necessarily to the utmost laxity of morals. This effect it would probably have on many of the weak and licentious; but the doctrine of the Sadducees, which fully recognised the certain punishment of guilt in this world by divine Providence, is not justly chargeable with these consequences."

To the same effect, and equally honourable to the character of the Sadducees, is the witness of Brucker in his "History of Philosophy," vol. ii., p. 728:—

"It remains," says he, "that we add something concerning the *life* of the Sadducees. It might, indeed, be conjectured, from the character of their doctrine, that their life was bad, because they were destitute of those motives by which true morality is enforced. But we must pronounce otherwise concerning their morals if we adhere to the testimony of the ancients; for Josephus testifies that this class of men was very severe in judging; whence may be inferred their rigour in punishing crimes. This, indeed, is what the nature of their systems seems to have required; for, as they did not believe that men were to be deterred from wickedness by the fear of future torments, they were obliged to guard the public morals and observance of the law by rigorous punishments. Josephus himself, though a Pharisee,



aimed at the last, and he as uniformly shows, by a testimony above all exception, that the Sadducees paid a stricter regard to justice than did the Pharisees."

Can anything be more conclusive against the assumption that a belief in future punishment is inseparable from a moral life, or that disbelief of it "necessarily leads to the utmost laxity of morals?" And here we are reminded of a passage from the "Country Parson" on this subject, which our readers will be glad to see, remembering that he is a clergyman of the Scotch Church. The extract is from a review of Whately's edition of Bacon's Essays. The archbishop takes ground that men inclined to wickedness stand more in dread of future torments than of any temporal judgments for their sins. To this the Country Parson takes exception, declaring that the result of his own "experience of the ways and feelings of a rustic population is something of doubt whether in practice the fear of future punishment produces any effect in deterring men from evil. A mountain far away may be concealed by a shilling held close to the eye; and future woe seems to most minds so distant and so misty, that a very small immediate gratification quite hides it from view. This view of the subject he fortifies by the following narrative:—

"We remember, as illustrative of this, a circumstance related by a neighbouring clergyman. His parishioners were sadly addicted to drinking to excess. Men and women were alike given to this degrading vice. He did, of course, all he could to repress it, but all in vain. For many years, he said, he warned the drunkards in the most solemn manner of the doom they might expect in another world; but, so far as he knew, not a pot of ale or glass of spirits the less was drunk in the parish in consequence of his denunciations. Future woe melted into mist in the presence of a replenished jug on a market day. A happy thought struck the clergyman. In the neighbouring town there was a clever medical man, a vehement teetotaler. Him he summoned to his aid. The doctor came, and delivered a lecture on the *physical* consequences of drunkenness, illustrating his lecture with large diagrams which gave shocking representations of the stomach, lungs, heart, and other vital organs, as affected by alcohol. These

things came home to the drunkards, who had not cared a rush for final perdition. The effect produced was tremendous. Almost all the men and women of the parish took the total abstinence pledge; and since that day drunkenness has nearly ceased in that parish. Nor was the improvement evanescent; it has lasted for two or three years."

#### GREAT AND LITTLE.

COME hither, nearer, my darling,

What is it you ask of me?

The difference 'tween great and little!

Ah! that is so hard to see!

We talk so much of *greatness*,

Great thoughts, great words, great deeds;

God's "great" is for him alone

Who follows where duty leads.

And so much we deem as *little*

That passes by us on earth,

The helpless cry of a brother,

The childish tones of mirth,

A few harsh words may be

That escape us now and then;

All these we say are so *little*,

Why think of them again?

Ah! well for us that our Father

Measureth not as we;

Our *great* He judgeth oft *little*,

And our *little*, *great* to be.

So doubt not, fear not, darling,

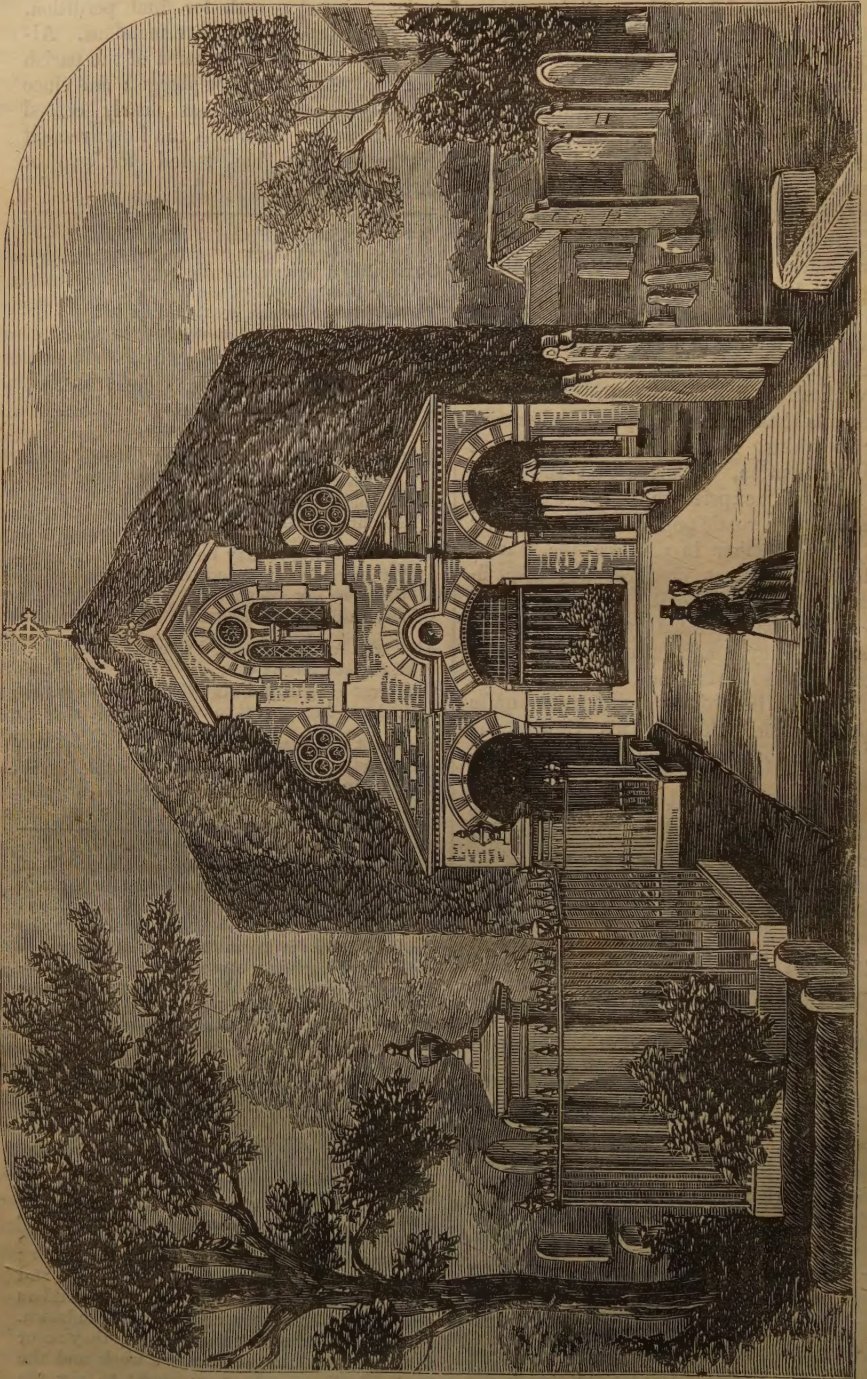
In God's way bravely go;

One day in His clearer light

We shall these things better know

CHURCH LIVINGS FOR SALE.—Of all kinds of British purchase none must seem so strange to a foreign observer as the sale of advowsons in the English Church. Still, shameful as the practice is, it is permitted. The *Telegraph* says, in describing these sales:—"The auctioneer endeavours to show off the multifarious "attractions" of the living, and those "attractions" are the very reverse of such as would be supposed to influence a zealous or religious man. We are told that the souls to be saved are few, that the "duties are light," that the "society;" and even the "hunting," is good. The "rectory and vicarage of Westborough, with that of Doddington," were thus praised at an auction mart on Tuesday last; but the biddings were slack. Intending purchasers were told that one hundred pounds sterling a year would pay a curate to discharge the duties, leaving £600 a year of surplus for the rector; while the present rector was seventy-three, and therefore must soon die; still the bidders paused, and the "property" was withdrawn. These shameful scenes are not rare; they occur in the metropolis at least once a week, and the "religious," or perhaps we ought to say the clerical journals, abound with the latest reports from the market of souls.





UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH, KINGSWOOD.



## THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH, KINGSWOOD.

To our readers it will be interesting to know that the building near this site was one of the chapels which was destroyed by fire during the Birmingham riots, July, 1791. It was then known as Dollox Chapel. It is thus referred to in the work published by Mr. A. B. Matthews:—"The fires seen from Birmingham on Sunday (July 17, 1791), were at the houses of Mr. Harwood, Mr. Russell, Moseley Hall, several hayricks, a farm house, Dollox Chapel, and some others." The minister of the chapel at that time is also mentioned:—"The house of Mr. Hobson, a Presbyterian parson, was demolished."

This church at Kingswood, with its burial ground, schoolrooms, and parsonage, is situated in a pleasant part of the county of Worcester, distant about six miles from Birmingham. The congregation dates its existence from an early period in the history of Protestant Nonconformity, and it would be impossible, in the small space usually allotted in THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, to give even a tithe of the interesting reminiscences connected with the progress of our cause here. The old meeting-house, prior to the present building, was erected in 1708.

The present chapel was erected during 1805 and 1806, and has been considerably altered and improved since that time. The following are some of the ministers who have been settled at Kingswood:—Rev. Mr. Hobson (before mentioned) and Rev. Thomas Moore. The Rev. Rees Lloyd, father of the Rev. Rees L. Lloyd, of Belper, laboured long here, and is affectionately remembered. On a stone in the burial ground dedicated to his memory are these words:—

THROUGH NEARLY THIRTY YEARS  
HE WAS THE FAITHFUL, AFFECTIONATE PASTOR  
OF THE CONGREGATION WHICH ASSEMBLES  
IN THE ADJOINING HOUSE OF PRAYER.  
IN SIMPLICITY AND GODLY SINCERITY  
HE HAD HIS CONVERSATION WITH THE WORLD;  
IN THE EXERCISE OF ENLIGHTENED DEVOTION,  
GENUINE CHRISTIAN KINDNESS, AND STRONG  
FAITH,  
IN THE MERCY OF GOD TO PENITENT MAN,  
THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST  
HE LIVED AND DIED.

The Revs. Thomas Evans, W. Mount-

ford, of America; W. Bowen, and J. Heywood, have also been ministers here.

The present pastor, the Rev. John Birks, commenced his ministry at Kingswood on the first Sunday in April, 1866. It is pleasant to know that the cause of Unitarian Christianity at this place is in a healthful and prosperous state.

## ROME AGAINST REASON.

SOME years since I happened to be living in a country town near an old mansion occupied by a widow lady and her three daughters. The mother was a dignified and noble-looking woman, kind-hearted towards her children and dependents, but at the same time a thorough disciplinarian, and one whose word was to be the law of the whole household. A widow, and well off, she felt her power, and exercised it even beyond her own domain; keeping the villagers in awe, when she condescended to inquire into their various wants in person, and scolding them heartily if she ever heard of their committing a misdemeanour of any kind. It is not to be supposed, therefore, that any person could infringe on Mrs. Boyer's laws or rights with impunity. She was a strict churchwoman, and inveighed bitterly against all Dissenters, as well as against the Roman Catholics, whom she denounced condignly as children of the evil one. All in her household were to be regular church goers; should one be seen at the neighbouring chapel they were never to enter her house again.

I was not a little surprised, therefore, at observing the picture of a saint hanging at the head of her eldest daughter's bed one day when we were paying a friendly visitor at the abbey. I was still more astonished, when taken by Miss Boyer into her dressing-room (which she called her oratory), to see a small cabinet containing a beautiful ivory crucifix, with various relics, to which she appeared to attach the deepest veneration. I ventured to ask if she were a Catholic, and received a whispered answer that it was the case; but that her mother was not to know this on any account whatever. I deeply regretted any circumstance which needed concealment from a mother. I also mourned to think that a person so sensible as Miss Boyer should be led away by vulgar superstitions which belonged to



ages long past, and could scarcely be received by sensible people in this enlightened period. How or when she was led into such opinions I could not imagine.

"At another time I will tell you," said she to me. "Come, now, and let me show you my garden in the old ruin." And there, indeed, I saw another oratory for the enthusiastic devotee in a small plot which she had cultivated on the flat roof of an ancient tower belonging to the abbey. In the centre she had placed a stone cross found among the relics. Evidently her whole mind was influenced by the new principles she had adopted. The next time we met was in a lovely lane, bordered with violets and primroses; she was gathering these with great care to ornament the altar of a little Catholic chapel six miles off, she told me.

"You attend the service there?" I said.

"Now I do," answered Miss B. "My mother knows all. She is too angry to speak to me on the subject. Once only, when she first suspected my change of religion, a storm of reproach came which almost overwhelmed me. Since then I have refrained from going into her presence as much as possible. She has ordered me to leave our home for ever. My only consolation, under this bitter trial, is to visit the little chapel at E—— on the Sunday. In the meanwhile I omit no prayer ordained by the church, trusting to receive that help from above which is granted to all good Catholics."

"And to all others, I trust, when they ask in sincerity," I responded. "The Catholic Church is everywhere under the vault of heaven, wherever are found true worshippers of God."

"Ah, but we think differently on that point," she said. "I believe in one true Catholic Church only, holding the universal faith—the faith delivered to the saints, which will subdue all nations to itself."

"And what is this faith?" I asked.

"Faith in the blessed Trinity, and in the Christian religion."

"But that is found in the English Church," I suggested.

"Yes; but not substantiated. The infallibility of the Pope (as successor to St. Peter) vouches for the truth of the doctrines inculcated in the Universal Church."

"Ah! but we do not believe in this infallibility. Peter himself was not infallible, in the usual sense of the word, and he erred even in respect to matters of faith, being reproached by St. Paul for so doing."

"You are not of the Church of England," said Miss B., waiving the subject.

"No; I am a Unitarian," I replied; "a believer in one God, the Father; and in Jesus Christ, the best beloved Son of God; a perfect man; and as such our perfect example. He was also the Messiah, the Sent of God; Christ, the Anointed of God (as king or ruler of all hearts); and Jesus, the healer of our woes, temporal and spiritual."

"Then no common man," she said.

"Assuredly not," I resumed, "but yet man, perfect in his individuality. Not another, but himself; not God, wholly man. Oh, to see him as he was—as he is! This alone would suffice to make a heaven of blessedness."

"But surely it seems that Christ felt himself to be a God?"

"Yes; a God amid the vicious elements of humanity that thronged around him. His thoughts already in heaven—setting his face steadfastly towards the cross awaiting him at Jerusalem. He felt himself one with the Almighty. He was already not of this world, and could therefore act as already with his Father—with his Father and our Father, his God and our God. What wonder is it, when his words rang on the ears of the assembled multitude, that they held him as more than human? Yet, when one knelt and caught the hem of his garment, calling him 'Good Master,' he turned quickly and said, 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God.'"

"I dare not listen to your arguments on this point," she said. "It would be presumptuous to interpret scripture by my own feeble understanding. I find the infinite comfort of relying on those wiser than myself. The infallibility of the Catholic Church—if not of the Pope—is certain. That it has the power of forgiving sins is one feature which makes it a refuge for the most feeble and careworn."

"In this respect it is a most comfortable religion," I observed; "but it would not on that account recommend itself to me. We must 'work out our salvation in fear



and trembling,' and not rely on the forgiveness of man to reconcile us with God. We rely on the free grace of the Almighty, bestowed without measure, on the repentant sinner, as is shown in the parable of the Prodigal Son."

"Ah, well," she said, "we cannot agree on these points, and it is best not to discuss them. If you could meet with Father L——, he might make you a convert yet."

"I trust not," I replied; "rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, I should be sorry indeed to be under the yoke of bondage. I would that you also could turn from the traditions of man, and yield yourself only to the teachings of Christ, who came as 'one having authority and not as the scribes.' His doctrines are such that 'all who run may read;' why, therefore, entangle them with subtleties which were only conjured up in the brains of the fathers; men apparently from their own account even more fallible than those of the present day. The doctrine of the Trinity, for instance, originating with them, is nowhere to be found in Scripture."

"Only in one place," rejoined Miss B., and that is at the baptism of our Lord."

I was surprised, and naturally asked how it could be gained from what transpired at that time.

"God the Son was being baptised," she said, "when the voice of God the Father was heard from heaven, and God the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove."

"Well, I should never have thought of that," I said. "But, after all, it makes only three distinct persons. It is a Trinity without unity."

"Stay," said Miss B., "I must hear no more. Already I fear I have presumed too far in venturing on Scripture truths beyond my depth. These are for the interpretation of those far more learned than ourselves."

And so she left me, dreading, I suppose, lest her confessor should upbraid her with the sin of conversing with a Unitarian on points of faith.

A short time elapsed, and then I heard that Miss B. had left her mother's home and care, and had taken refuge in a convent, where it is possible she may be at this present time.

R. E.

## THE MARTYRS OF OUR FAITH.

IN looking through the Unitarian calendar, there is only one month in the year, that is December, in which we do not see the name of some one who has died by the hand of persecutors for denying the doctrine of the Trinity. In former numbers of THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN some notice has been taken of those who have been imprisoned, tortured, hanged, beheaded, suffered death by fire and by water, at different times and in different countries, for asserting that, "there is one God and none other but He."

In the month of January, 1697, Thomas Aikenhead, a young man of eighteen, was hanged at Edinburgh for "railing against the Trinity." We presume they would have a busy and unhappy time of it at Edinburgh now if all the young men of that city who deny this doctrine were to be put to death. In the present month, February, there are several names of martyrs; the first, Lewis Hetzer, who died at Constance, in 1529, for attacking the doctrine of the Trinity. He was one of the earliest reformers—a Swiss, a man of great ability. Before his death he was allowed to see his friends, and it was hoped that they would induce him to recant his opinions. He was firm, and had nothing to recant, and was, therefore, led out to death, one of the first victims of that false doctrine which has caused more strife in the Christian Church than all other differences. The 25th of February is the anniversary of the martyrdom of two Unitarians of whom we know little. One, James Paleologus, a descendant of the imperial family at Constantinople, who was sent to the stake at Rome in 1585, because he declared that prayer and worship should be offered to God the Father only. The other, Francis de Ruego, perished by drowning, in 1566, at Venice—a less cruel, but not less certain way of extinguishing heretics, without answering the arguments of supposed heresy. In the month of March, 1612, Bartholomew Legate, of whom we recently gave some account as the last of the Smithfield martyrs, perished in the flames for his open and manly profession of one God the Father. We have two martyrs, Wightman and Van Parris, in the month of April. George Van Parris practised as a



surgeon in London. He came from Holland, and was a man of very pious and strictly moral life; this was admitted by his persecutors. The charge against him was, that he had said God the Father was the only true God. On his trial, at Lambeth, he reaffirmed this. He was sentenced to death "as a child of the devil and an enemy of all righteousness," and executed at Smithfield in 1551. He suffered with great constancy, kissing the stake and fagots, and forgiving his murderers. Bishop Burnet says, "the death of Van Parris casts a great blemish on the Protestant reformers." Another victim of the persecuting spirit was Wightman, who was burned to death because of his denial of the doctrine of the Trinity. This took place at Burton-on-Trent in 1612. The Protestant Bishop of Lichfield was the prosecutor, and King James I. signed his death warrant, saying, "This is done that other Christians may not fall into the same crime." In May, 1579, Matthew Hamont suffered death by command of Queen Elizabeth, for having denied the doctrine of the Trinity and the Deity of Christ. On the 6th of June, 1579, the pious Francis David, the first superintendent of our Transylvanian Unitarian churches, died in a dungeon for the open and constant profession of his opinion that God the Father is the proper and only object of supreme worship. The Socinians who worshipped Jesus Christ were to blame for this sad event. And in June, 1569, Van Flekwyk perished at the stake at Bruges, a Unitarian martyr, after an unsuccessful effort of a celebrated Franciscan monk to make him a convert to the doctrine of the Trinity. We have read the discussion between Van Flekwyk and the monk, in which it is clear the monk had no farther argument he could use than that of fire. We reserve the martyrs of the following months for a future paper.

How cruel and unwise is every form of persecution! Into what a depth of degradation mankind sink when they stoop to persecute! A good cause can never be sustained by a narrow, selfish, and unjust spirit; and a bad cause only the more transparently exposes its hollowness by persecution. We beg our friends not to fear the persecutor, but to heartily shun the persecuting spirit.

## INHUMANITY OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

They were all horribly unanimous in excluding from the hopes of eternal life all the other nations of the world; and, as a consequence of this odious system, they treated them with the utmost rigour and inhumanity when any occasion was offered them.—*Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History*, vol. i., chapter 2.

THIS was spoken of the Jews of Christ's day; and in reading it I was led to query why the rule here applied by the celebrated historian to a nation may not be applied with equal force to individuals. If by being "horribly unanimous in excluding from the hopes of eternal life all the other nations of the world," caused the Jews to treat these nations, when occasion offered, "with utmost rigour and inhumanity," why will not the same sentiment entertained by an individual concerning other individuals cause him to treat them with the utmost severity and inhumanity? As a nation is made up of individuals, so any theory which hardens the heart of a nation entertaining it will produce the same effect upon an individual entertaining it. That the statement of Mosheim is true I have no doubt, for we have abundant proof of it in the history of the Jews. And it is also true when applied to individuals, as the history of the world attests. No man can entertain the idea that he himself is one of God's favourites, and destined to a participation in the endless joys of heaven, and that certain other persons are only fit subjects of endless perdition, without engendering the spirit of hatred and inhumanity toward those persons. A rigid, inhuman, cruel heart is but a natural effect of a belief in a partial God and a partial heaven. How can a man love and kindly care for a person whom he sincerely believes God hates and always will hate? Here is the one great cause of its persecutions which have been carried on by the Churches from Christ down to the present time. The creeds of sacrificial Churches have all been too narrow to beget charity for all men.

No system of religion will ever overcome "man's inhumanity to man," which does not include in the hopes of eternal life all the world—every child of Adam. Men must realise that God loves and cares for all men and for ever—that humanity constitutes but one family—before they will cease their strifes, and seek to do good to all as they have opportunity. B. F. R.



## WILLIAM ROSCOE,

POET, PHILANTHROPIST, AND REFORMER.

"Thee wisdom leads in all her lovely walks,  
Thee genius fires, and moral beauty charms."

THE celebrated scholar and divine, Dr. Parr, addressed Roscoe in the following words :—

"I am now in my sixtieth year. I have conversed with the wisest and most learned of my contemporaries, and I say to you, with great sincerity, that the days I spent with you and your family were amongst the happiest days of my life. I shall remember you ; I shall esteem you ; I shall praise you ; I shall bless you, one and all, again and again. Yes, dear sir, I am thankful to Heaven for granting me such an intellectual and such a moral rest."

The memory of such men we must feel as a duty and sacred trust to keep ever fresh before the minds of our people. Towards the close of the last century, and during the first quarter of the present, Roscoe filled a position and performed a task which expedited many of the reforms, the struggles for which are history now, and the blessings they confer are a part of our every-day life.

He was an earnest and enlightened reformer and patriot in days when reformers had little favour from either princes or people, and he devoted a large measure of strength to the cause of political justice during his short career in the House of Commons in 1806. He was one of the few advocates of a large extension of the franchise even then. His perfect abhorrence of slavery led him to take part with the first abolitionists. He was one of the principal writers against the slave trade, and this was the cause of his defeat in Liverpool from being returned a second time to Parliament. For many years he was deeply interested in the reform of prison discipline, and was constantly opposed to death punishment, believing that a system which disregards the moral improvement of the criminal and consigns unfortunate creatures to punishment, without the hope of improvement, is an actual and positive source of evil. He lived to partially see the fruit of some of his labours for the slave, the insulted Roman Catholic, and the disfranchised classes of England. The complete harvest of all he toiled and

hoped for is not yet come, but, is fast approaching. War, slavery, tyranny, political injustice, and vindictive forms of punishment, and religious intolerance and bigotry he manfully opposed. Yet perhaps it is in another province Roscoe is better known. His love of art led him to write the life of "Lorenzo de Medici," which became a popular work among learned men, not only in England but on both continents. He was the founder as well of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Liverpool, and made great proficiency as a botanist. He felt all the truth of the following words, which are his own :—"A mind that can relish the pleasures afforded by the works of nature, of fancy, and of art, may be said, in a great degree, to originate its own happiness, there being scarcely a situation in which it can be placed which is not productive of enjoyment. In company, or alone ; in the country or the town ; in the splendour of noon, or the solemn gloom of midnight, a thousand images pass in succession before it ; and interesting, by turns, all its faculties, desires, and affections, banish that listlessness and inactivity which render life a burden, and which all other methods will be found insufficient to repel."

The principal interest we have in Roscoe is that of his religious character, and as a member of the Unitarian Church, Renshaw-street, Liverpool. Our churches were even less popular at the beginning of the present century than they are now ; but a noble-minded man pays little heed to the favour or disfavour of the world, follows the leadings of his conscience, and worships God as taught by Jesus Christ. He often regretted that the principles of the Reformation had not been carried to their full extent, and deplored the persecuting spirit of his age. He compiled a treatise, like Milton, of Christian morality, from the pages of the New Testament, which he made the guide of all his life, both public and private. He regarded "The Christian religion as designed by the Almighty to promote the eternal happiness of mankind, by the truest pursuit of their temporal welfare—to instruct them in the paths of virtue, and to prompt them by every inducement that can influence rational and eternal beings actively to pursue that course of conduct which alone can render them finally happy." The prac-



tical character of his views of the Christian religion is set forth in the following words :—"The belief in Christ and in Christianity, so strongly and uniformly inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, is not the embracing or holding a particular doctrine, but a belief which results in action, which evinces itself in all the relations and concerns of life, which induces us to follow the precepts and watch the example of Christ ; which is not a mere vain and empty pretension to superior wisdom, knowledge, and power, but which humbly seeks to discover what are the duties we have to perform."

We have now a few words to say on the last days of this excellent man, who has left his mark among the noble few who grace the pages of English history and of Unitarian worthies. How often does presumption and ignorance boldly declare that our faith in God and futurity is unequal to sustain us on the approach of death ; and we have to reiterate again and again the calm and joyful assurance our Unitarian faith has given, and still continues to give, those who intelligently and consistently hold it. On recovering from a sickness in which Roscoe thought he was dying, he says, "This illness has served to convince me that pain and sickness, the prospects of a speedy deprivation of the enjoyments of life, and the near approach of death itself, are not objects of terror to a well-regulated and blameless mind ; and that, amidst all the evils and misfortunes to which our nature is incident, it is yet in our power, by a life of innocence and virtue, to secure to ourselves that consolation and peace of mind which will blunt the stings of pain, and throw a gleam of joy even on the dark precincts of the grave." His son says of his father's last hours, "A perfect confidence in the goodness of God supported him through many trials, and enabled him to regard with feelings of cheerful hope the approach of death itself." He thanked the Almighty for having permitted him to pass a life of much happiness, and resigned himself without one murmur to the change, believing in a happier state of being. He was interred in the burying-ground of the Unitarian Chapel in Renshaw-street, the funeral sermon being preached by the Rev. J. H. Thom. Roscoe was born in 1753, and died in 1831. We cannot better sum-

marise his life than in the language of one of his beautiful hymns :—

That when removed from grief and pain,  
This fragile form in earth shall lie,  
Some happier effort may remain  
To touch one human heart with joy ;

One nobler precept to bestow,  
One kind and generous wish reveal,  
To bid the breast with virtue glow,  
To love, to pity, and to feel ;

To soothe the ills it cannot cure,  
The sufferer's injuries redress,  
And through life's varied channels pour  
The living stream of happiness.

### HOPEFUL SIGNS.

It is not a little encouraging to the friends of sincerity and honesty to hear that two gentlemen have lately resigned their fellowships at the University, and the salaries attached to them, sooner than continue to say that they believed the Creeds and Articles of the Church. That any of those who do profess them should really believe them seems to be simply impossible ; they are unintelligible and self-contradicting. Men at college are taught that the solemn profession of belief is only a ceremony. Paley, one of the great authorities for church morality, approves of this lax view of the clergyman's ordination vows ; and several clergymen now living have published the same sad opinions. Such want of strict truthfulness in regard to any dealings with one's neighbour would soon send a man to prison ; and can it possibly be right to be less truthful in matters of religion ? Mr. Whiston tells a story of Lord Chancellor King urging him to sign the Church articles, and assuring him that such exactness was not required of a clergyman as Mr. Whiston fancied.

"But," said Mr. Whiston, "does your lordship allow affidavits to be sworn in your court in the same lax manner ?"

"No," said the Chancellor ; "with us we require scrupulous truth."

"Then," said Mr. Whiston, "it may, perhaps, be that the Almighty is as just and conscientious a judge as you are."

When a man tells a falsehood for his own gain and his neighbour's loss he cannot but feel that he has committed robbery ; but when a young man says that he believes the Thirty-nine Articles, he gains, and it does not clearly appear who loses.



Hence has grown up the belief that he wrongs nobody; and he obtains a curacy or a living, and steps into the pulpit, and reads the liturgy and creeds as if he believed. He is a well-educated man, and knows well the errors of what he is teaching; and he shuts his eyes to the fact that he is misleading his congregation. They think him a sincere believer in all those obsolete, by-gone opinions, and perhaps blame themselves for having any doubts about the truth of the Trinity, and two natures of Christ, and the atonement, and eternal punishments. They are little aware that the clergyman has the same doubts, or, rather, much stronger doubts. This nation gives in tithes and glebes more than five millions sterling a year to be divided among men who will consent to teach the Church creeds, and will say that they believe the Thirty-nine Articles. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge each have about three hundred thousand a year, which is paid only on the same condition. These are large bribes. It is no wonder that for such payment there are many men who will say that three is one, and one is three, or anything else that is required of them. But notwithstanding such temptations, we are assured that there are in every succeeding year fewer candidates for the Church than in the last year. The better educated men in particular refuse to take orders, and, as Milton described it, to become slaves. Sincerity is fortunately on the increase. Let us give all honour to those who sacrifice their emoluments for such a righteous cause.

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

Is Heaven a long way off, mother?  
I watch through all the day,  
To see my father coming back,  
And meet him on the way.

And when the night comes on I stand  
Where once I used to wait,  
To see him coming from the fields,  
And meet him at the gate.

Then I used to put my hand in his,  
And cared not more to play;  
But I never meet him coming now,  
However long I stay.

And you tell me he's in Heaven, and far,  
Far happier than we,  
And loves us still the same—but how,  
Dear mother, can that be?

For he never left us for a day  
To market or to fair,  
But the best of all that father saw  
He brought for us to share.

He cared for nothing then but us;  
I have heard my father say  
That coming back made worth his while  
Sometimes to go away,

He used to say he liked our house  
Far better than the Hall;  
He would not change it for the best,  
The grandest place of all.

And if where he is now, mother,  
All is so good and fair,  
He would have come back long ago,  
To take us with him there.

He never would be missed from Heaven;  
I have heard my father say  
How many angels God has there  
To praise Him night and day.

He never would be missed in Heaven,  
From all that blessed throng;  
And we—Oh! we have missed him here  
So sadly and so long!

But if he come to fetch us, then  
I would hold his hand so fast,  
I would not let it go again  
Till all the way was past.

He'd tell me all that he has seen,  
But I would never say  
How dull and lonely we have been  
Since he went far away.

When you raised me to the bed, mother,  
And I kissed him on the cheek,  
His cheek was pale and very cold,  
And his voice was low and weak.

And yet I can remember well  
Each word that he spoke then;  
For he said I must be a dear, good girl,  
And we should meet again.

And oh! but I have tried since then  
To be good through all the day;  
I have done what'er you bid me, mother,  
Yet father stays away!

Is it because God loves him so?  
I know that in His love  
He takes the good away from earth,  
To live with Him above.

Oh! that God had not loved him so!  
For then he might have stayed,  
And kissed me as he used at night,  
When by his knee I played.

Oh! that he had not been so good,  
So patient, or so kind!  
Oh! had we but been more like him,  
And not been left behind!

DORA GREENWELL.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**ENDEAVOUR.**—Goethe, in his "Faust," makes the angels sing as they bear away Faust's immortal part, "Whoever strives, and keeps on striving, him can we redeem."

**IS THIS TRUE?**—The Catholic Archbishop MacHale, of Ireland, issued positive orders to his priests "to refuse all the sacraments, even to the hour of death, to those who sent their children to the free schools."

**CHURCH CREEDS.**—Dr. — calls himself a Churchman, yet to-day he spoke of the English clergy as men who had five millions sterling per annum given them to misrepresent Christianity.—*H. C. Robinson's Diary.*

**PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.**—An order was sent to a Chicago bookseller which, among other things, enumerated "Six Primitive Christianity." It was sent back with the response pencilled opposite that item, and not at all in jest: "No Primitive Christianity is to be found in Chicago."

**A CHILD'S FEELING ABOUT GOING TO CHURCH.**—Some time ago Sir Edward Kerrison and the clergyman near his residence visited the church school. Examining the children in religious knowledge, Sir Edward asked a class what was meant by "suffering for righteousness' sake?" A little girl replied, "Going to church, sir."

**EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.**—According to Mr. Baines, M.P., 75 per cent. of the inmates of English workhouses are brought there, directly or indirectly, as the result of the vice of intemperance; a great proportion of the inmates of asylums and the prisons are also brought there by the same cause. Fifty thousand lives are lost in England every year by accident, by disease, and by crime, the results of intemperance.

**NO DISSENTER SHALL LIVE HERE.**—A few weeks ago one of our Unitarian ministers, not far from London, thought of changing his residence, and applied to the esquire of a neighbouring village for a house he had advertised to let. He was asked if he were a Churchman or Dissenter. Our friend replied a Dissenter. "We shall have no Dissenter here," said the esquire. This is a specimen of State Churchism in many a small place.

**A SAFE PRESCRIPTION.**—"Doctor," said a patient a short time since, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill-health had obliged him to consult, "Doctor, do you think a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?" "Why, no, sir," answered the doctor deliberately; "I do not know that a little now and then would hurt you much; but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."

**NO "SKISMS."**—A preacher took for his text, "Let there be no schisms in the Church." By the darkness of the day or the dimness of the print, he read, "Let there be no schemes in the Church." He commenced his remarks by saying that he had reference to the latter-day societies, such as Bible societies, the Sunday School Society, &c., which he called schemes. A brother who had looked up the text discovered the error into which the pastor was

rapidly plunging, and rising, remarked, "Bro. A., that is not 'scheme' in the text, it is 'skism.'"

**A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.**—Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind; these are the grand constituents of health and happiness—the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs, and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible, in the open air, if not under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from attacks of low spirits, *ennui*—that monster who is ever way-laying the rich indolent.

"Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

Low spirits cannot exist in the atmosphere of bodily and mental activity.

**BIGOTRY CURED BY SEEING ITS OWN LIKENESS.**

—When Dr. Thomas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman belonging to a factory died at a village about ten miles distant. Application was made to the clergyman of the parish for leave to bury him in the churchyard. The parson inquired of what religion he was, and was told that he had died a Calvinist. "Then," said he, "he cannot be buried here; there are none but Lutherans in my churchyard, and there shall be no other." On this being told to Dr. Thomas, he immediately took his horse, and went to argue the matter with the parson, but found him inflexible. At length the doctor gained by ridicule what he had failed to accomplish by force of reason. "You remind me," said the doctor to the intolerant priest, "of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was curate of a church in Thomas-street. I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the middle of the service. 'Sir! sir! I want to speak to you.' 'Pr'ythee,' says I, 'wait till I have done!' 'No, sir; I want to speak to you immediately.' 'Why, then, what is the matter?' 'Why, sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died of small-pox next my poor husband, who never had it.' This story had the desired effect, and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in a Lutheran churchyard.

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